

TWO TALES WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE METH- ODS EMPLOYED IN NEW YORK CITY CAMPAIGNS

CLAIMS MADE BY CHAS. SWISHER.

"Charlie" Swisher, bubbling over with confidence, and apparently relishing the light in which he is now engaged as a candidate for Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, was at the McLure last night, says the Wheeling Sunday Register. He has just returned from the lower part of the State, and says he is certain the ticket will go through. He admitted that the situation is not so bright in Kanawha and the Third district, but he affected a confidence in the patching-up abilities of the party managers, and said he believed that at any rate the local differences would not affect the State ticket.

"Within a day or two everything will be lovely in Kanawha county," he said, "and then I understand it is the plan to take Edwards out of the race for Congress. If he does not accept the programme mapped out, it will be necessary to get his name on the ticket by the petition method, and in some of the counties it will fail."

"The Republicans have a large majority in the district, and indications for party harmony are becoming brighter, so that it is reasonably certain that Joe Gaines will be returned from the Third district."

Swisher says he did not authorize the prediction of 35,000 majority in West Virginia, which he was credited with claiming in an interview in New York recently. He may have used the figures in jest, but he does not expect any such majority. "But it is only a question of size," he always adds.

John A. Howard and others were in a group of gentlemen of whom Mr. Swisher was one in the lobby of the McLure, and Mr. Howard told Jake Kemple's story of the first speech he made in New York when he was hired as a spellbinder by the Republican committee of that State. The inimitable Jake was somewhat elated, and he had confidence to peddle, and he saw visions of cheering and laughing—thousands in Madison Square Garden, and a background of Wall Street magnates on the platform from which he spoke.

Jake set to work on the preparation of his speech. It was to be the effort of his life. It was to be rich in high-sounding epigrams, and it was to contain the best stories he had in stock. Possibly it would secure for him a government sinecure, and establish his residence on the sunny side of Easy street for four years. He secured modest quarters in a hotel, and awaited word from headquarters.

The eventful day finally came. He was notified by phone to be in readiness to make a speech that night, and to await a call from the committee, who would escort him to the place of meeting. Jake attired himself in Prince Albert and plug hat, and sat in a chair in the hotel lobby to await the arrival of the brass band. While he was there two tough looking specimens of humanity brushed by, and Jake instinctively drew back from their soiled garments. They walked to the desk, and Jake heard his name mentioned. Then the clerk pointed to him.

"Are you Mr. Kemple?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we're the committee, and we're after you. Come on."

They took Jake to a street car, and then transferred him to another and another line, continuing this Jake got a better idea than he ever before had of the magnitude of the Manhattan street railway systems. They finally reached a point beyond which the cars did not run. Then they took him down to the water's edge, and they walked some distance along the shore, until they came to a large building surrounded by store boxes. They entered, and proceeded up a dimly lighted stairway to the left. Here was a room, with sawdust covered floor, and huge contrivances of wood for the reception of nicotine-saturated saliva.

Jake discovered that his audience was composed of longshoremen.

Jake only had the one speech. He started, "I come from the green valleys of Virginia, that proud old commonwealth that is the mother of presidents," he began, "to bring a message to the Republicans of the grand old empire State. I am proud to be a Virginian, proud to be a Republican, proud to be with you to-night."

"The h—l ye ar-r-r-e," came in a shrill voice with an unmistakable Hibernian accent from a rear seat.

But Jake was equal to the occasion. He told his audience the Cletis Hauser version of politics, and they were with him to a man. He did not mention any of his hi-falutin phrases, and in

telling the story Jake said he made the hit of his career as a spellbinder.

This story brought Mr. Swisher to a relation of his experience in New York politics a few weeks ago. A mutual friend invited him to attend McManus' picnic. McManus was a candidate for assemblyman, and candidates there entertain their constituents, actual or prospective, with entertainments in big gardens. Mr. Swisher accompanied the gentleman and two of his lady friends to the picnic. He found a big garden with 5,000 people present, some dancing, most of them drinking, and nearly all at the expense of McManus.

McManus was brought forward, looking natty in a silk hat, sack coat and light trousers, and sat at their table. Two women who had been talking to McManus then came over without an invitation, and drew up their chairs.

"The ideal!" said one of the women in the Swisher party. "Why, I wouldn't sit at the same table with that hussy," drawing herself up to the greatest height attainable, and pointing the scornful finger at one of the newcomers.

"That for you!" was her answer, as she tossed a glass of beer on the other woman.

Charlie knew that such conduct made fighting good in West Virginia, and he supposed it was the same in New York. Exit, Charlie.

"Thank God," he said in conclusion, "that New York no longer controls the politics of the country. I talked to seventy-five voters at McManus' picnic, and none of them knew what he was a candidate for, or whether he wanted to go to Senegambia, Gallipolis or Keokuk. They only knew that McManus wanted something, and they were for him."

I have some good lots in two squares of Court-house for sale at \$375.00. H. H. Lanham.

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As there has been more or less talk in certain quarters about the weakness of some of the Republican candidates, a responsible party who has confidence in their ability to win, and faith in the cause they represent, has placed with the West Virginian the sum of \$5,000.00 and authorized it to make the following wagers:

\$1,000.00

That Harry Shaw will be elected Prosecuting Attorney and the whole Republican county ticket with him.

\$1,000.00

That C. W. Swisher will be elected Secretary of State and the whole Republican State ticket with him.

\$1,000.00

That Roosevelt will carry West Virginia and be elected President.

\$2,000.00

That he will win all three bets.

Any person desiring to invest his money in the manner indicated may take any one or all of the bets.

Pen and ink erasers, black board erasers, etc. Burdette's.

THE AMIABLE MULE.

A Few Words of Praise For This Much Maligned Animal.

"After a lifetime of close association with the mule," says an old military official, "I have never known him kick a man, nor have I ever met a mule who knew another man of his own knowledge who had been kicked by a mule."

"This is a bold statement, but it is true nevertheless. You can question soldiers of the army everywhere, and I confidently predict that they will come out in this. I know I am upholding a popular belief, but I ask you to stop and think and see if I am not doing our mule friend a deserved justice. Horses kicks are plenty. Mule kicks are rare as promotions. Were you ever riding at night on the prairies, far away from comrades and camp, weary looking for the distant twinkling campfires not to be found? Did you ever at such a time see your mule friend lift his tireless head and blow his resonant trumpet of discovery of the sought-for haven? He has not seen it, but he has smelt it, and in a moment is trotting a bee line for the distant picket line and forage ration. Were you ever riding across a dreary, dry, dusty country, thirsty, no water in sight and its whereabouts undiscovered? Throw the bridle loose on the mule's neck and give him his way. He will take you to water as unerringly as a carrier pigeon wings its way to its roost."—Nebraska State Journal.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Its Invention Was the Result of a Cut on the Finger.

An accident—a cut on the finger—caused Edison to invent the phonograph, or talking machine.

Mr. Edison told the story of this invention to a reporter. At the time, he said, he was singing into a telephone, and in the telephone's mouthpiece he had placed, for safe keeping, a fine steel point. Suddenly this point cut his finger. He found, to his surprise, that it had been moving here and there and roundabout, guided by the vibrations of his voice.

He placed a strip of yellow paper under the steel point, replaced it in the mouthpiece and said the alphabet. The steel, while he spoke, ran over the paper, and for each letter of the alphabet it made a different mark or scratch.

This was what Mr. Edison had hoped for. He now held the steel point still and drew the paper scratches slowly over it. There was given forth, very faintly, the alphabet as he had repeated it.

Thus the principle of the phonograph—the registering and the reproduction of the voice's vibrations—was discovered through the cutting of a finger. It was Edison's finger, though, that was cut. Smith's or Brown's might have been quite hacked on and no phonograph would have resulted.

NOSE MUSICIANS.

Of the Tagbanua, a tribe on the long narrow island called Palawan in the Philippines, Mr. Jander writes: "Most musicians of other nations play wind instruments by applying them to the mouth. The Tagbanua plays them with his nose. The Tagbanua has a real nose, and the nose piece at one end of the instrument. The Tagbanua is pressed by the thumb against the left nostril, the right nostril being held tightly closed by the first finger of the hand. The Tagbanua nose is so flattened and elongated at the side, that it is especially adapted for this purpose. The Tagbanua musician can get in this fashion some sweetly pathetic sounds—by far the most melodious sounds I have ever heard from any body's nose, and he is even bold enough to attempt, with success, too, a trill."

A FANCY NUISANCE.

Of a prominent lecturer of London an acquaintance says: "On one occasion he was the guest of a friend of mine, a busy Liverpool merchant, and when the popular lecturer returned from the hall he asked for all sorts of impossible dishes and liquid concoctions peculiar to abstainers, a demand which somewhat upset the routine of the house hold. When in bed his nervous temperament was tried; he could not bear the ticking of the clocks, so he paraded the house in the small hours of the morning and stopped them all. In consequence of this the servants had to be roused by violent bell ringing. But the guest was not to be distressed, so he arose again and ordered the servants back to their rooms and locked them in and then went back to bed."

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

In ancient times it was the custom of the victors in a battle to decorate their doorposts with the skulls of the vanquished. With the advance of civilization of course we no longer continue this bit of barbarity, but the custom has not been allowed to drop altogether, as is seen by the stone balls which are often set on gateposts, a relic of a barbarous idea of long ago. In certain parts of Africa the skulls are still used as decorations. Whole villages may be seen with the doorposts of the houses surmounted in this ghoulish fashion.

FINDS SOME DRAWBACKS.

"I suppose you enjoy the freedom from care that a fortune brings?" "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "it's good to have money. But if I hadn't got rich I wouldn't have had to study French or learn to pronounce the names of Wagner's operas."—Washington Star.

Even.

Tramp—Honestly, sir, I don't know where my next meal is comin' from. Citizen (gruffly)—Neither do I! It is certainly not coming from me.

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Assistant District Attorney—E. M. Showalter.

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